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Hymns for Infant Minds

Jane Taylor

KD 47623



q/b c

HYMNS
FOR
INFANT MINDS.



*"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me."*

HYMNS
FOR THE
INFANT MIND.

BY
ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS J. TAYLOR.

JOSEPH GOSWELL,

EDITOR OF THE
"CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

WITH A PREFACE BY MISS J. TAYLOR.

LONDON:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866. LXXXVI.

(Reprinted Fifth Edition.)



H Y M N S
FOR
I N F A N T M I N D S.

Taylor & Gilbert
ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

SELECTED, REVISED, AND ILLUSTRATED BY

JOSIAH GILBERT,
EDITOR OF "MEMORIALS OF MRS. GILBERT,
FORMERLY ANN TAYLOR."

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXXXVI.

(Authorised Edition.)

KD 47623



PREFACE.

THE "Hymns for Infant Minds," by Ann and Jane Taylor, are too well known to require introduction ; it is only necessary to explain wherein the present edition—the 50th—differs from preceding ones.

Ten hymns out of the ninety-three comprised in the later editions are now omitted. Most of these did not belong to the original work, and have been withdrawn because, in the judgment of the Editor, either more or less inferior in style, or in some instances dwelling upon subjects perhaps scarcely suitable for "Infant Minds."

Twenty-one hymns have been added. These have been taken from the "Original Hymns for Sunday Schools," by Ann and Jane Taylor ; from the "Hymns for Infant Schools," by Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor) ; from "Original Anniversary Hymns," by Mrs. Gilbert ; and from

hymns composed for local occasions by the same author. Some of these, as "Jesus, who lived above the sky," and "About Repenting," have long been favourites; and it was thought desirable that the present work should contain all the best hymns of the Authors. Throughout the additions, simplicity of diction—so marked a characteristic of the Taylor hymns—has been the chief ground of selection.

All the hymns have been compared with the earlier editions, and in some cases "original readings" have been restored,—a course the Editor felt warranted in taking, since Mrs. Gilbert herself in after years thought that the alterations had not always been improvements. Single verses have been here and there omitted, where they seemed redundant or somewhat inappropriate; and for the latter reason, in two or three instances, a word has been changed.

The initials "A" and "J" attached to the first lines of the hymns in the Index indicate their respective authorship; where left blank this is uncertain.

The object of the Editor has been to present

the hymns in as perfect a state as possible ; and though unmistakable in their treatment of great Christian doctrines, he trusts that the absence of any phraseology distinctive of Church or Sect will commend them, as hitherto, to the acceptance of all evangelical communions.

With the following quotation from the original Preface, the Editor concludes his remarks:—
“ If it appears that this volume of ‘ Hymns for Infant Minds ’ fulfils its humble promise, and adapts evangelical truths to the wants and feelings of childhood in language which it understands, further apology may not be required. It has been composed with a view to different ages and degrees of intelligence, but uniformly with the sacrifice of poetry to simplicity whenever they stood opposed.”

With respect to the Illustrations, “ Holbein’s Bible Cuts ” offered hints as to form and style, though in their higher qualities sufficiently unapproachable. The Editor has endeavoured, though with a long disused pencil, to produce designs, simple, suggestive to the minds of children, and yet not wholly inartistic.

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HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS

I.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed,
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

II.

COMING TO JESUS.

JESUS, that condescending King,
Is pleased to hear when children sing;
And while our feeble voices rise,
Will not the humble prayer despise.

Then keep us, LORD, from every sin
Which we can see and feel within ;
And even what we do not see,
Forgive, for all is known to Thee.

We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt Thee to befriend us thus :
We cannot think a single thought,
Or even thank Thee, as we ought.

Yet, LORD, we humbly venture nigh,
Because Thou camest down to die :
And this is all the plea we make,
"O save us for Thy mercy's sake !"

III.

PRAISE TO JESUS CHRIST.

Now in sight of earth and Heaven
Praise to JESUS CHRIST be given,
Thus His name and honours rise
Sweet as music to the skies.

Far in Zion's streets of old,
Children His salvation told,
Sang Hosanna, ran before,
Hailed Him at the Temple door.

Where beyond the spreading sea,
Islands green and lovely be,
Children still His glory sound,
Strange of tongue on heathen ground.

English children, free and blest,
We should sing above the rest,
We ten thousand voices bring
As a free-will offering.

Round and round His praise shall run
Until day and night are done,
Till, with Gentile, slave, and Jew,
We in Heaven the song renew.

IV.

ABOUT GOD, WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON.

Child.

I SAW the glorious sun arise
 From yonder mountain grey ;
 And as he travelled through the skies,
 The darkness went away,
 And all around me was so bright,
 I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
 The gentle moon drew nigh,
 And stars came twinkling, one by one,
 Upon the shady sky :—
 Who made the sun to shine so far,
 The moon, and every twinkling star ?

Mamma.

'Twas GOD, my child, who made them all
 By His almighty skill :
 He keeps them that they do not fall,
 And guides them by His will ;—

That glorious God, who lives afar,
In Heaven beyond the highest star.

Child.

How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air !
Is He too high to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer ?
Tell me, if God will condescend
To be a little infant's friend.

Mamma.

He will, my love ; for though He made
Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid
He should neglect your cry ;
For humble as a child may be,
A child that prays He loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing ;
Behold the insects overhead,
That play about in spring :



"I saw the glorious sun arise."

Tho' we may think them mean and small,
Yet GOD takes notice of them all.

And will He not as surely make
A feeble child His care?
Yes! Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer;
GOD made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

V.

A LITTLE.

A LITTLE,—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
And learn the lesson well.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Down, down, like easy stairs;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon, larger ones it bears.

A little thing, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

The child who early disobeys,
Stands now on slippery ground ;
And who shall tell, in future days,
How low he may be found?

VI

FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN VERY NAUGHTY.

LORD, I confess before Thy face,
How naughty I have been :
Look down from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, LORD, I pray,
My passion and my pride ;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest
In quiet, on my bed,
Until with shame I have confest
The naughty things I said.

The SAVIOUR answered not again,
Nor spoke an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although He was their LORD !

And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say ?
Make me as mild as He was mild,
And take my pride away.

For JESUS' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart ;
And grant me grace another time
To act a better part.

VII.

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

GREAT GOD, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ;
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

Art Thou my Father ?—Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?

Art Thou my Father ?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee ;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father ?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend ;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.



"Now that my journey's just begun."

Art Thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

VIII.

“EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.”

Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell ;
But if the LORD will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since GOD regards the orphan's cry,
Oh what have I to fear?

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.

And, LORD, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O LORD, forsake me not.

Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for Heaven prepare ;
That GOD may take me when I die
To dwell for ever there.

IX.

THE VOYAGE.

HAPPY the child who early steers,
Like a trim vessel, straight for Heaven !
Who Christian colours bravely rears,
And keeps the course that GOD has given.

Life is the ocean ; years the tide,
That floats ten thousand barques along ;
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

Pleasure, that looks so bright and fair,
Is like the shallows set with sands ;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies weltering on those deadly strands !

Faith is the compass, firm and true,
Whose needle points to CHRIST, the Pole ;
That Star of stars will guide us through,
Tho' winds may beat, and waves may roll !

Scripture's the chart by which we sail ;
Our souls the freight, of worth untold :
God sends His grace, a prosperous gale,
And makes His promise anchor-hold.

Happy the child who, outward bound,
Steers straight for Heaven from earth and sin ;
Wise merchantmen may we be found,
And this safe voyage at once begin.

X.

DANGEROUS GUIDES.

MANY voices seem to say,
" Hither, children,—here's the way ;
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here."

Yes, but whither would ye lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and woe ?

We were made for better things,
High as Heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark, that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

We were made to love and fear
That great GOD who placed us here ;
Made to study and fulfil
All His good and holy will.

We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile ;
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the Heaven prepared for us.

So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of JESUS led,
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed !

XI.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

God is so good that He will hear
Whenever children humbly pray :
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still ;
And that He answers all their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue
That thanks Him for His mercies given ;
And when by babes His praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to Heaven.

Come, then, dear children, trust His word,
And seek Him for your friend and guide ;
Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.



"When by babes His praise is sung."

XII.

GOD CARES FOR ALL.

How wondrous is the grace, that He
 Who filled with stars the sky,
 Who made the sun, the earth, the sea,
 Should notice such as I !

Millions of happy angels wait
 His heavenly will to know ;
 They bend before His throne of state,
 Or on His errands go.

Millions of living creatures spring
 From His amazing power ;
 He feeds and governs everything,
 And keeps it every hour.

Yet great as are His power and skill,
 In mercy He delights ;
 A child may learn His holy will,
 A child His love invites.

We are not lost amid the throngs;
For each, for all, He cares !
Then let us raise our thankful songs,
And join our humble prayers,—

That so, while happy angels wait
His will to know and do,
The news may reach to Heaven's gate
That we would serve Him too.

XIII.

THE BIBLE.

THIS is a precious book indeed !
Happy the child that loves to read !
'Tis God's own word, which He has given
'To show our souls the way to Heaven.

It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the LORD obeyed :
Here His commands are written, too,
'To teach us what we ought to do.



'This is a precious Book indeed!'

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die ;
It points to Heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, JESUS died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible every day :
'Tis GOD's own word, which He has given
To show your souls the way to Heaven.

XIV.

GOSPEL LIGHT.

WE thank Thee for the morning sun,
For moon and stars at night,
But more, O LORD, Thy love has done,
To give us heavenly light.

We thank Thee for Thy holy Word,
The Bible in our hands,
The Gospel which our ears have heard,
In these our favoured lands.

While tribes and nations know Thee not,
And still in darkness lie,
The Light of Life our souls have got,
To guide us to the sky.

Oh let not us the gift despise,
Not yet bestowed on them,
Lest Sodom and Gomorrah rise
Our folly to condemn!

XV.

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the LORD.

Oh ! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part ;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart.

But if I make His ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek Him with my voice
My heart will love Him too.

XVI.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, LORD, by Thee :
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve Thee while I live.

Whatever trouble I am in,
To Thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

And may I seek until I find,
 What none are good without,—
 That humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 Which JESUS preached about.

XVII.

MANY QUESTIONS AND ONE ANSWER.

IN Winter, where can be the flowers,
 And leaves that look so green ?
 There's not a bud in all the bowers,
 Or daisy can be seen !

And who will bring them back again,
 When pleasant Spring comes out,
 And plant them up and down the lane,
 And spread them all about ?

And who will send the little lambs,
 With wool as soft as silk,
 And teach them all to know their dams,
 And where to find the milk ?

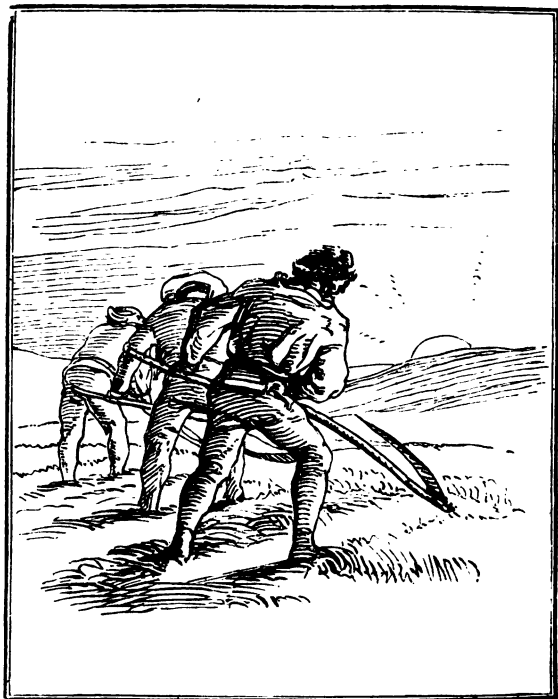
And who will tell the pretty bird
To build its nest on high,
And though it cannot speak a word,
To teach its young to fly?

The LORD in Heaven,—there He dwells,
Who all these things can do!
How good He is!—the Bible tells
Much more about Him, too.

XVIII.

THE HAY-FIELDS.

THE sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the dew,
And cheerful sounds, and busy feet,
Pass'd the lone meadows through;
And waving, like a flowery sea
Of gay and spiry bloom,
The hay-fields rippled merrily
In beauty and perfume.



"I saw the early mowers pass."

I saw the early mowers pass
 Along that pleasant dell,
 And rank on rank the shining grass
 Around them quickly fell :
 I looked, and far and wide at noon
 The fallen flowers were spread,
 And all, as rose the evening moon,
 Beneath the scythe were dead.

 "All flesh is grass," the Scriptures say,
 And so we truly find ;
 Cut down, as in a summer's day,
 Are all of human kind ;
 Some, while the morning still is fair,
 Taken in earliest prime ;
 Some, mid-day's heat and burden bear,
 But all, laid low in time !

 A fable full of truth to me
 Is this, the mower's tale ;
 I soon a broken stem shall be,
 Like hay that strews the vale ;
 At early dawn, or closing light,
 The scythe of death may fall ;
 Then let me learn the lesson right,
 So full of truth to all !

XIX.

**"A BROKEN AND CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU
WILT NOT DESPISE."**

**THOUGH GOD preserves me every hour,
And feeds me day by day,
I know it is not in my power
His goodness to repay.**

**The poorest child, the greatest king,
Alike must humbly own,
No worthy present they can bring
To offer at His throne.**

**For we, and all our treasures too,
Are His who reigns above :
Then is there nothing I can do
To prove my grateful love?**

**A broken heart He'll not despise,
For 'tis His chief delight ;
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing in His sight.**

Tho' treasures brought before His throne,
Would no acceptance find,
He kindly condescends to own
A meek and lowly mind.

This is an offering we may bring,
However mean our store :
The poorest child, the greatest king,
Can give Him nothing more.

XX.

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

PRIDE, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen
By haughty looks and lofty mien ;
But oftener, it is found that Pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide ;
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.

Now if you really wish to find
If pride be lurking in your mind,

Inquire if you can bear a slight,
Or patiently give up your right ;
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment ;
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart ?
Can you at once confess a crime,
And promise for another time ?
Or say you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor excuse to make,
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long ?
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are,
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you've done ?
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way ?
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still ?
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair ?

Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger nor revenge provoke ;
But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company ?—
Or, when you find that you could do
The harm to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought ?

Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part ;
And, when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have Pride.
Some one will suit you, as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so :
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your Pride.

XXI.

THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now I suppose, that, having tried,
And found the secret of your Pride,

You wish to drive it from your heart,
And learn to act a humbler part.
Well, are you sorry and sincere ?
I'll try to help you then, my dear.
And first, the best, the surest way,
Is to kneel down at once and pray ;
The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,
And strengthen you and stand your friend.
Tell Him the mischief that you find
For ever working in your mind ;
And beg His pardon for the past,
And strength to overcome at last.—
But then you must not go your way
And think it quite enough to pray :
That is but doing half your task ;
For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.
You pray for strength, and that is right ;
But then, it must be strength to fight :
For where's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong ?
Then look within :—ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought ;
Put out the smallest spark of Pride
The very moment 'tis descried ;

And do not stay to think it o'er,
For, while you wait, it blazes more.
If it should take you by surprise,
And beg you just to let it rise,
And promise not to keep you long,
Say "*No ! the smallest* Pride is wrong."
And when there's something so amiss,
That Pride says, "Take offence at *this* ;"
Then if you feel at all inclined
To brood upon it in your mind,
And think revengeful thoughts within,
And wish it were not wrong to sin,—
Oh stop at once !—for if you dare
To wish for sin, that sin is there !
'Twill then be best to go and pray
That God will take your Pride away !
Or if just then you cannot go,
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know ;
And beg His mercy to impart
That best of gifts—a humble heart.
Remember, too, that you must pray,
And watch and labour *every* day :
Nor think it wearisome or hard,
To be *for ever* on your guard.

No; every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin ;
And every evening recollect
How much you've failed in this respect.
Ask whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud or humble part ;
Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,
Inquire if Pride becomes a child ;
And, when all other means are tried,
Be humble that you've so much Pride.

XXII.

A MORNING HYMN

MY FATHER, I thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank Thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distress :
Oh how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day ?

My voice would be lisping Thy praise,
My heart would repay Thee with love ;

Oh teach me to walk in Thy ways,
 And fit me to see Thee above ;
 For JESUS said, " Let little children come nigh,"
 And He will not despise such a young one as I.

As long as Thou seest it right
 That here upon earth I should stay,
 I pray Thee to guard me by night,
 And help me to serve Thee by day ;
 That when all the days of my life shall have passed,
 I may worship Thee better in Heaven at last.

XXIII.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
 And come to thank Thee for Thy care ;
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
 And friends, who all my wants supply ;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care ;
And condescend, for JESUS' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

XXIV.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Now is the time, the accepted time ;
Dear child, the voice regard,
For little hands get used to crime,
And tender hearts grow hard.

“Forbid them not,” the SAVIOUR cries,
“The youngest,—bring them nigh :”
I come, the little one replies,
To JESUS CHRIST I fly.



"'Forbid them not,' the Saviour cries."

Sin has already left its stain,
Already has defiled
With thoughts impure, or false, or vain,
My bosom, though a child ;

And as in years I older grow,
My heart will harder be ;
There's nothing I can do, I know,
But give it up to Thee :

Then take my heart, to evil prone,
And form it for Thy praise,
That so to Thee, my LORD, alone,
I may devote my days.

XXV.

ABOUT REPENTING.

IF JESUS CHRIST was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

He says He loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

'Tis not enough to say,
"We're sorry, and repent,"
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

LORD, make us thus sincere
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

XXVI.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

LORD, before Thy throne we stand,
Once again Thy children see ;
Smile upon the youthful band,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Suffer us to come and pray,
Daily do we stand in need,
And if Thou shouldst turn away,
LORD, we should be poor indeed !

Suffer us to come and learn,
Lighten our beclouded eyes,
Do not Thou our folly spurn,
Or we never can be wise.

Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been ;
Since we look to Thee alone,
For the pardon of our sin.

Suffer us to come and praise,
Condescend to hear our songs,
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from Thee,—to Thee belongs.

While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be,
This our latest sigh in death,—
Suffer us to come to Thee.

XXVII.

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how JESUS came from Heaven,
And bore His injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all His words were kind ;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed His heavenly mind.



"When upon the cross He bled."

Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
 Against the truths He taught,
 Excited one reviling word,
 Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the Cross He bled,
 With all His foes in view,
 "Father, forgive them," JESUS said,
 "They know not what they do."

Dear SAVIOUR, may I learn of Thee
 My temper to amend ;
 But speak that pardoning word for me
 Whenever I offend.

XXVIII.

"TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING
 VANITY."

LORD, hear a sinful child complain,
 Whose little heart is very vain,
 And folly dwells within.

What is it—for Thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me,
That steals my thoughts away from Thee,
And leads me into sin?

Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis offensive in Thy sight,
I would no more pursue :—
Since nothing can be good for me,
However pleasant it may be,
That is displeasing, LORD, to Thee,
May I dislike it too !

When I attempt to read or pray,
I'm often thinking of my play,
Or some such idle thing.
How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this ;
But all their joy and glory is
To praise their heavenly King !

These trifling pleasures here below—
I wonder why I love them so :
They cannot make me blest.

Oh that to love my God might be
The greatest happiness to me !
And may He give me grace to see
That this is not my rest !

XXIX.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

Oh that it were my chief delight,
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pleasant play.

When I am bid I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got ;
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.

For God looks down from Heaven on high,
Our actions to behold ;
And He is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

XXX.

SUNDAY—FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

THIS is Sunday,—Sabbath* day,
That is why we must not play ;

* Throughout these hymns, the word *Sabbath* has been employed, as agreeable to common usage, though certainly not so appropriate as that of *The Lord's-day*, to the *Christian day of rest*. It must be explained, as intending to convey, not a Jewish, but a Christian sense of the word.

Nor run about, nor make a noise,
Like the naughty girls and boys.

This is Sunday,—Sabbath day,
Now we hear, and sing, and pray,
Now we rest, or now we read ;
This is very nice indeed.

XXXI.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

HAPPY the child whose tender years,
Are trained to heavenly truth ;
And who to break the Sabbath fears,
E'en from his earliest youth.

Happy the child who gently led
By motives kind and strong,
The Sabbath-breaker's sin would dread,
And knows and feels it wrong.

To him, the Sabbath seems to rise
Unlike to other days ;
How calm and still its morning skies
How mild its evening rays !

He goes, but not to join the throngs
In idle sport abroad;
He goes to offer humble songs,
And hear about his LORD.

Sweet promise this, in early years,
Of what he'll always choose ;
Yes, happy child is he who fears
One Sabbath hour to lose

XXXII.

ON ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHEN to the house of GOD we go,
To hear His word, and sing His love,
We ought to worship Him below,
As saints and angels do above.

They stand before His presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at His footstool bow,
And love Him though we cannot see.



"When to the house of God we go."

But GOD is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways :
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing His praise.

The triflers, too, His eye can see,
Who only *seem* to take a part :
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with their heart.

Oh may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in Heaven !

XXXIII.

A CHILD'S HUMBLE CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

A SINNER, LORD, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed !
But JESUS sits at Thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

From early infancy I know
How foolish I have been ;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

But GOD can change this evil heart,
Can give a holy mind ;
And His own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

To Heaven can reach the softest word—
A child's repenting prayer ;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my SAVIOUR more.

XXXIV.

ABOUT DYING.

Child.

TELL me, Mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died ;

And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the pit-hole by its side ?

Shall I leave dear Papa and you,
And never see you any more ?
Tell me, Mamma, if this is true ;
I did not know it was, before.

Mamma.

'Tis true, my love, that you must die ;
The GOD who made you says you must ;
And every one of us shall lie
Like the dear baby in the dust.

These hands, and feet, and busy head,
Shall waste and crumble quite away ;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

That which now thinks within your heart,
And made you ask if you must die,
That is your soul—the better part—
Which God has made to live on high.

And those who love Him here below,
And pray to have their sins forgiven,
And do His holy will, shall go,
Like happy angels, up to Heaven.

XXXV.

“THOU GOD SEEST ME.”

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes ; GOD is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No ; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone :
On every side there would be God.



"To Jesus Christ He bids me fly."

He smiles in Heaven ; He frowns on hell ;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea :
 I must within His presence dwell ;
 I cannot from His anger flee.

Yet I may flee,—He shows me where ;
 To JESUS CHRIST He bids me fly ;
 And while I seek for pardon there,
 There's only mercy in His eye.

XXXVI.

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

GOD is in Heaven,—can He hear
 A little prayer like mine ?
 Yes, thoughtful child, thou needst not fear,
 He listeneth to thine.

GOD is in Heaven,—can He see
 When I am doing wrong ?
 Yes, that He can,—He looks at thee
 All day and all night long.

GOD is in Heaven,—would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

GOD is in Heaven,—does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis GOD that giveth thee.

GOD is in Heaven,—can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet, but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.

GOD is in Heaven,—may I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, for CHRIST's sake, and then, one day,
He'll call thee to the sky.

XXXVII.

THE HEAVENLY FATHER.

GOD, far above that glorious sky,
 ALMIGHTY GOD !—will He
 Look down with favour in His eye
 On children such as we ?

Ten thousand angels round Him wait,
 He rules and blesses all ;
 Compared with Him, there's nothing great,
 To Him there's nothing small.

Not e'en a sparrow falls, He says,
 Without His thought and care ;
 The simple lily He arrays
 In garments sweet and fair.

The beasts that roam, the birds that fly
 Through valley, field, or wood,
 He chooses when to live, or die,
 And fills with needful good.

All are His creatures ! we and they
His power and goodness show,
But only we the debt can pay
Which to His love we owe.

XXXVIII.

TO A LITTLE SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

My love, I meet this happy day
With pleasure and with pain ;
I wish to learn your future way,
But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end
You have but just begun ;
And hand in hand with many a friend
This little way have run.

But friends, my love, how vain are they !
For one infected breath
May take the tenderest away,
And lay them low in death.

Then whither should my darling fly?
In whom may she confide?—
There is a Friend above the sky,
Who waits to be her guide.

His eye the path of life can see,
And has as clear a view
Of hills and valleys yet to be,
As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,
Where each of us shall fall,
And whose shall be the earliest lot,
And whose the last of all.

Dear cherish'd child ! if *you* should have
To travel far alone,
And weep by turns at many a grave,
Before you reach your own,—

May He who bade you weep, be nigh
To wipe away your tears,
And point you to a world on high,
Beyond these mournful years !

Yet, if it be His holy will,
I pray that, hand in hand,
We all may travel many a hill
Of this the pilgrim's land :

With Zion's shining gate in view,
Through every danger rise ;
And form a family anew,
Unbroken, in the skies.

XXXIX.

SIN MAKES GOD ANGRY.

How kind, in all His works and ways,
Must our Creator be !
I learn a lesson of His praise
From every thing I see.

Ten thousand creatures by His hand
Were formed at first from clay ;
His skill their different natures planned,
And they His voice obey.



"We all may travel many a hill."

He condescends to do them good,
And pities when they call ;
By Him their wants are understood,
And He supplies them all.

And can so kind a Father frown ?
Will He, who stoops to care
For little sparrows falling down,
Despise an infant's prayer ?

No ; He regards the feeblest cry :
'Tis only when we sin,
He puts the smile of mercy by,
And lets His frown begin.

'Tis sin that grieves His holy mind.
And makes His anger rise ;
And sinners old or young shall find
No favour in His eyes.

But when the broken spirit turns,
And would from sin depart,
The God of mercy never spurns
A humble, contrite heart.

XL.

THE SINS OF A CHILD.

WHAT are the sins that tempt a child ?

Come, little one, and look within :

We're not by deeds alone defiled,

“The thought of foolishness is sin :”

Old men have sins that ruin them,

And young, or busy men, have more ;

But conscience will a child condemn,

Who truly doth his heart explore.

Self-will is like the bitter root

From which perpetual sin is grown,

And disobedience is the fruit,

At first in small beginnings shown.

Poor child ! you like to have your way,

And will not do as you are bid ;

In this one evil, who shall say

How much of future sin is hid ?



"Murder—that dreadful deed—is done!"

Deceit has many a secret snare—
In looks as well as words, it lurks ;
'Tis like a cloak that you might wear
Only to hide forbidden works ;
To cover from your parent's eye,
What artful tricks deceit can find,—
Excuse, concealment, or a lie !
With shame and sorrow close behind !

Anger and pride together stand
(By them was righteous Abel killed) ;
Thy will is crost,—thy little hand,
Thy heart, with quick revenge is filled ;
Then to the lips, the arm, the eye,
Hatred and passion blindly run,
Rude blows are given, and, inwardly,
Murder—that dreadful deed—is done !

Envy to hear another's praise,
How oft beneath a smile it steals,
And shows, in little words and ways,
The poison that the bosom feels !
Impatience, sloth, and discontent,—
But who the sad account shall fill ?

Within the youngest soul are pent,
How many seeds of future ill !

Yes, folly in the heart is bound,
Even in thine, my tender one ;
And help and cure are only found
In what the SON OF GOD has done ;
To Him, dear child, for pardon flee,
To Him for daily strength repair,
Lie low in true humility,
And live in watchfulness and prayer.

XLI.

THE HILL OF GOD.

THERE is a hill both bright and high,
Where GOD Himself is known ;
'Tis out of sight, above the sky,
'Tis GOD ALMIGHTY'S throne !

And who are they who venture near,
The throne of God to see ?

Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we.

Their infant spirits stayed awhile
With tender friends below ;
But Death came early, with a smile,
And pleased they were to go.

Their sins the SAVIOUR washed away,
He made them white and clean ;
They loved His word, they loved His day,
They loved Him though unseen.

Oh may we travel as they trod,
The path that leads to Heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

Dear SAVIOUR, hear this humble cry,
And our young hearts renew,
That on the hill so bright and high,
We may behold Thee too.

XLII.

ANGEL VISITS.

IF angels beautiful and good,
Stoop down from Heaven to earth,
Mountain and rock, and field and wood,
They think of little worth.

Where kings in royal state are drest,
Or soldiers fiercely ride,
From every proud and lofty breast,
We know they'd turn aside.

But where a willing heart is found,
A contrite spirit given,
Those shining ones would gather round,
And there'd be joy in Heaven.

Up to the hills of dazzling light
Their flashing wings would soar,
And, pleased, they'd tell that pleasant sight
To Him whom they adore.

“Oh for this sight we gladly leave
The fields of light above !
'Tis Heaven below when men believe
The message of Thy love.”

Great King of angels and of men,
Fain, fain would we be wise ;
Send down those shining ones again,
To lead us to the skies.

XLIII.

JESUS, WHO LIVED ABOVE THE SKY.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man, and die ;
And in the Bible we may see,
How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind,

And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them too
The things that GOD would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified !
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood !

And so He died !—and this is why
He came to be a man and die :
The Bible says He came from Heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that GOD must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, JESUS said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

Now GOD will pardon those who pray,
And hate their sins, and turn away ;
But wicked folks, who do not care,
We know that such He cannot bear.

XLIV

"JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO
SAVE SINNERS."

Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night !
Darkness covers all the sky !
Rocks are rending at the sight !—
Children, can you tell me why ?
What can all these wonders be ?—
JESUS dies at Calvary !

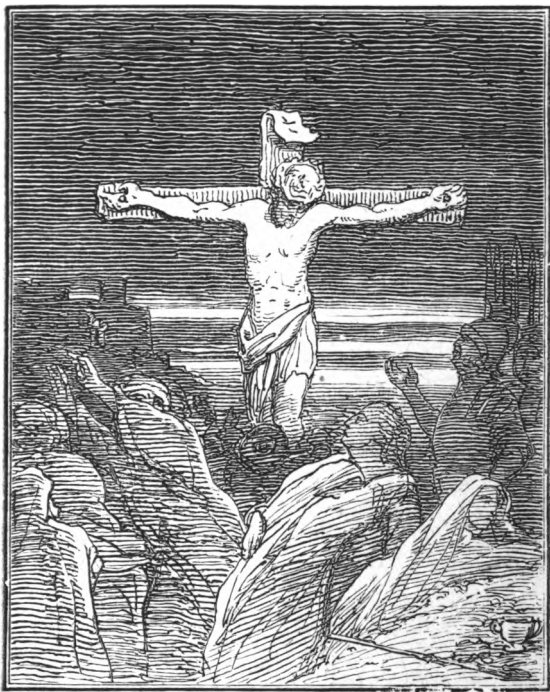
Nailed upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn !
For a royal crown of gold
They have made Him one of thorn !
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind !

See ! the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side !
Hark ! He now has breathed His last !
With a mighty groan He died !
Children, shall I tell you why
JESUS condescends to die ?

He who was a King above,
Left His kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty He might save !
Down to this sad world He flew,
For such little ones as you !

You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown ;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children ; this is why
JESUS condescends to die.

Come, then, children, come and see ;
Lift your little hands to pray ;



"Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night."

“Blessed JESUS, pardon me,
Help a guilty infant,” say ;
“Since it was for such as I,
Thou didst condescend to die.”

XLV.

“JESUS SAID, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO
COME UNTO ME.”

YOUNG children once to JESUS came,
His blessing to entreat ;
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“Forbid them not,” the SAVIOUR said ;
And so He says for me.

Though now He is not here below,
But on His heavenly hill,

To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear REDEEMER smiled ;
Oh, then, He will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear JESUS, on my head.



"Young children once to Jesus came."

XLVI.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay ;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty, and give you a pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I'm saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

XLVII.

THE LAND OF THE BIBLE.

THE winter is over and past,
The singing of birds is at hand,
The hedges are blossoming fast,
And the cuckoo is heard in the land;
The meadows are covered with flowers,
Reviving and sweet is the air,
And dear is this country of ours,
O England, so green and so fair!

My bosom with gladness is gay,
How kind is my Maker to me!
My love and my life should I pay,
Yet poor such a present would be;
I might, oh I might have been born
Where Him I should never have known,
A heathen, untaught and forlorn,
And worshipping idols of stone!

Though, there, in abundance were spread
Flowers, glorious as eyes could behold,



"The meadows are covered with flowers."

The palm waving over my head,
 The river sands shining with gold ;
 Yet what were the beauty to me,
 If left a poor heathen to pine ?
 O England ! my home is in thee ;
 The land of the Bible is mine !

XLVIII.

LANDS WITHOUT A BIBLE.

AND are there countries far away,
 Where Bibles never go ?
 Fruitful, and beautiful, and gay,
 But lost in sin and woe !

“Go preach my gospel,” JESUS said ;
 “To every creature bear
 The stream of life, the living bread,
 And I will bless you there.”

LORD, let us go, or let us send
 This word of truth abroad ;

Gladly our little help we'll lend,
That all may know the LORD.

Some childish pleasures we resign,
And this one pleasure choose,
To teach the heathen they are Thine,
And send the Gospel news.

XLIX.

ARE WE BETTER THAN THE HEATHEN?

AND is to us this favour sent?
To us, this blessing given?
Yes, for a little space, 'tis lent
To fit our souls for Heaven.

What shall we to the SAVIOUR say
If we the gift despise?
Or but neglect from day to day
To take it and be wise?

Heathens in judgment shall appear,
Our folly to condemn;

They did not of His mercy hear,
He was not preached to them :

Or if to some the tidings came,
How gladly they believed !
Soon as they heard the SAVIOUR'S name,
The SAVIOUR they received !

Dear child, thy sin and danger see,
Than heathens more forlorn ;
Or better had it been for thee,
Thou never hadst been born.

L.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best ;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past ;
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

LI.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THERE is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray,
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to Heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?

For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread :

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
LORD, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old,—
“The lambs He’ll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd’s care ;
And keep the gate of Heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

LII.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng ;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the power Divine
That watches o'er our days :
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before Thy sacred footstool, see,
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask Thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free ;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to Thee.



"May we in safety sleep to-night."

And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymn of praise
Declare Thy goodness, Lord.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move :
Then smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love.

LIII.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF
A DEAR MOTHER.

A POOR afflicted child, I kneel
Before my heavenly Father's seat,
To tell Him all the grief I feel,
And spread my sorrows at His feet.

Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay
These tears that trickle while I bend ;

Since Thou art pleased to take away
So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain
The many times I grieved her sore ;
Oh ! if she would but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye !
'Twould be my play to do her will !
And she should never have to sigh
Again, for my behaving ill !

But since she's gone so far away,
And cannot profit by my pains,
Let me this child-like duty pay
To that dear parent who remains.

Let me console his broken heart,
And be his comfort by my care :
That when at last we come to part,
I may not have such grief to bear.



"A poor afflicted child I kneel."

LIV.

BEFORE DIVINE SERVICE.

LORD, help us as we hear,
 To treasure up Thy word,
 And not to-morrow to appear
 As if it were unheard.

LORD, help us as we sing,
 To mean the words we use,
 And not to mock our Heavenly King,
 And all His love abuse.

LORD, help us as we pray,
 To come with hearts sincere,
 And as we run in Wisdom's way,
 To seek Thy blessing here.

LORD, help us while we live,
 Thy servants to abide ;
 Our food and raiment kindly give,
 And all we need, provide.

LORD, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
And with Thy holy ones on high,
To praise Thee evermore.

LV.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.

WE'VE passed another Sabbath day,
And heard of JESUS and of Heaven ;
We thank Thee for Thy word, and pray
That this day's sin may be forgiven.

Forgive our inattention, LORD,
Our looks and thoughts that went astray;
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood,
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

So when our lives are finish'd here,
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we at Thy right hand appear,
 To serve and love Thee evermore.

LVI.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long, sometimes, a day appears
 And weeks, how long are they !
 Months move as slow as if the years
 Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago
 That I was taught to read :
 And since I was a babe, I know,
 'Tis very long indeed.

But months and years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone ;
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun !

Great GOD ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with Thee.

LVII.

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

My love, you have met with a trial to-day,
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose ;
But, alas ! in a moment your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear
Your good resolutions should fall ;
And soon, by your eye and your colour, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.



"My love, you have met with a trial to-day."

Oh, why did you suffer this troublesome sin
To rise in your bosom again ?
And when you perceived it already within,
Oh why did you let it remain ?

As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

But now you must go to the SAVIOUR, and seek
His mercy to pardon your sin :
Entreat Him to make you submissive and meek,
And put a right spirit within.

LVIII.

A PATH, A FLOWER, A STREAM, A THREAD, A RACE.

LIFE is a *path* that leads
From time and earth away ;
At first, through flowery meads,
With prospects green and gay ;
Then, climbing many a rugged height,
Over strange hills, it goes from sight.

Life is a brittle *flower*,
Put forth in early spring,
Within the sheltering bower,
In beauty blossoming ;
Ere long, some blight across it flies,
Or, in the winter storm, it dies.

Life is a sparkling *stream*,
Through pleasant pastures led ;
But when the summer's beam
Falls hotly on its bed,
Perchance, before it gains the sea,
It dries away, all suddenly.

Life is a slender *thread*,
Like filmy gossamer,
That, floating overhead,
The slightest breath may stir ;
The waving bough,—the autumn wind
But moves,—and who the thread shall find ?

Life is a *race* to run,
And Heaven the distant prize ;

By few the crown is won ;
For few are truly wise ;
The things of this short life they choose ;
The endless life of Heaven—refuse!

LIX.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

HE died, a happy Christian died,
And went to GOD away ;
His years on earth were multiplied ;
His hair was thin and gray ;
He stooped for very age, and then,
With calm and cheerful eye,
He bade farewell to living men,
And laid him down to die.

Full many a spring had come and gone,
Since he a child had been,
And fools had tried to tempt him on
To “make a mock at sin ;”

But early to his bosom came,
E'en soon as reason grew,
The fear of GOD ; he learned His name,
And learned to love Him too.

" My Father, be my friend," he prayed,
" My steps in mercy guide ;
Through pleasure's light, or sorrow's shade,
Be ever at my side ;
No strength have I Thy ways to keep,
To folly ever prone ;
But oh defend Thy feeble sheep,
And mark me for Thine own."

The prayer was heard : through many a year,
And trial, firm he stood,
And always found his helper near,
And felt that GOD was good ;
Now, through those many years, he cast
A pleased and thankful eye,
That thus, kept faithful to the last,
An aged saint could die !

LX.

THE AGED SINNER.

HE died, an aged sinner died !
 I scarce the solemn truth can tell ;
 He wished that here he could abide,
 And dreaded death because of hell ;
 In Heaven no treasure had he stored,
 This world was that which he adored.

His youth, in pleasure had been spent,
 His after years, in gold and gain ;
 He got, but could not get content,
 Enough, he never could obtain ;
 Yet he was rich, and seemed possest
 Of all that people think is best.

Mansions had he, and spacious land,—
 Whatever could his soul delight ;
 Rare delicacies used to stand
 To tempt and spoil his appetite ;
 And still he tried, in vain, to find
 Something to fill his hungry mind.

At last he grew a feeble man,
Pressed down with age, and coming death ;
Shorter and shorter grew his span,
Harder and harder came his breath ;
Soon he must let his riches go ;
Behind, was sin ! before, was woe !

Backward on life he cast his eye,
But comfort could not there be found ;
He had not raised one earnest cry
For pardon, while it might be found ;
And now, in this his dying day,
He trembled, but he could not pray.

See ! there his stately dwelling stands,
The plumed hearse has borne him thence,
His riches pass to other hands ;—
But whither went his spirit hence ?
Oh who shall trace it as it fled,
Poor sinner ! from that dying bed !

LXI.**CONSCIENCE.**

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us "it is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny ;
Conscience says, "Your faults confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries ;
"Should not God be sought to-day ?"

When, within His holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries :
"Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard
That it will not speak at all."

LXII.

"THOUGH THE LORD BE HIGH, YET HATH HE
RESPECT UNTO THE LOWLY."

WHERE is the High and Lofty One ?
His dwelling is afar :
He lives beyond the blazing sun,
And every distant star.

But GOD, whom thousand worlds obey,
Descends to earthly ground,
And dwells in cottages of clay,
If there His saints are found.

Is not the Heaven of heavens His own ?
Yes, He is Lord of all ;
And there, before His awful throne,
The saints and angels fall.

But, little child, with joy attend ;
For, if you love Him too,
This mighty GOD will condescend
To come and dwell with you.

LXIII.

A MINUTE.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown !
And yet how important it is !
GOD calls every moment His own,
For all our existence is His :

And though we may waste them in folly and
He notices each that we squander away. [play,

Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment for ever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife;
But, oh ! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life !
But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,
Which GOD for our portion has given,
We shall certainly welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to Heaven.
The value of time, then, may all of us see,
Not knowing how near our last minute may be.



"What is this little grussy mound?"

LXIV.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHAT is this little grassy mound
Where pretty daisies bloom ?
What is there lying underground ?
It is an infant's tomb.

Alas, poor baby, did it die ?
How dismal that must be !
To bid this pretty world good-bye
Seems very sad to me.—

Silence, my child ; for could we hear
This happy baby's voice,
We should not drop another tear,
But triumph and rejoice.

“ Oh, do not ever weep for me,”
The happy soul would say ;
“ Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free
From that poor sleeping clay.

Mourn not because my feeble breath
Was stopped as soon as given :
There's nothing terrible in death
To those who come to Heaven.

“ No sin, no sorrow, no complaints
My pleasures here destroy !
I live with GOD and all His saints,
And endless is our joy.

“ While, with the spirits of the just,
My SAVIOUR I adore,
I smile upon my sleeping dust,
That now can weep no more.”

LXV.

A CHILD'S PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SINCE, mighty GOD, my health, and ease,
And life belong to Thee,
I might not murmur shouldst Thou please
To take them all from me.

Thou hast a right to use Thy rod,
Which I should meekly bear ;
And yet I may entreat that God
A sinful child would spare.

I own the comforts I possess,
And thank Thy care of me,
While thousands languish in distress,
And pine in poverty.

Yet look in pity on my pain ;
My little strength restore ;
And grant me life and health again,
To serve Thee evermore.

LXVI.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

LORD, Thou hast heard my humble voice,
For all my pains depart ;
Oh grant that I may now rejoice
With thankfulness of heart.

Many have died as young as I,
Though nursed with equal care ;
But God in pity heard me cry,
And has been pleased to spare.

Let me improve the years, or days,
Thy mercy lends me here ;
And show my gratitude and praise,
By living in Thy fear.

The kindness that my friends have shown,
Oh teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In every future day.

And, lest I need Thy rod again,
I pray Thee to impart,
As long as health or life remain,
A thankful, humble heart.

LXVII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be Thy will :
For Thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say ;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

LXVIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD UPON GETTING WELL

I THANK the Lord who lives on high ;
He heard an infant pray,
And cured me, that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

Oh let me thank and love Thee too
As long as I shall live ;
And every naughty thing I do,
I pray Thee to forgive.

LXIX.

“SEED TIME AND HARVEST, SUMMER AND
WINTER, SHALL NOT CEASE.”

How cometh this beautiful scene ?
Have clods any sense of their own ?
How is it that grass can be green,
From dun-coloured earth, that has grown ?
The seeds that lie buried below,
And see not a glimmer of day,
How guess they the season to grow,
And come forth in dresses so gay ?

If we in that darkness were kept,
How should we remember the spring ?—
Yet each from its prison has crept,
As right as a sensible thing !

They knew not that winter was past,
 They did not the husbandman hear ;
 But,—‘seed time and harvest shall last,’
 God said,—that is why they appear.

So, summer and winter come round,
 As He in His bounty decreed ;
 His blessing enlivens the ground,
 And fashions the plant from the seed :
 Fair colours for beauty He gives,
 And fruit from the dun-coloured mould
 Praise Him, every creature that lives,
 Oh praise Him for all you behold !

LXX.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
 And all Thy love to me :
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestowed by Thee.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay :
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by GOD are given ;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from Heaven

Such goodness, LORD, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey !

LXXI.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, my LORD and SAVIOUR,
Once became a child like me ;
Oh that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be !

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the LORD was meek and lowly,
Pure and spotless, free from sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

LORD, though now Thou art in glory,
We have Thine example still
I can read Thy sacred story,
And obey Thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
There to learn what Thou hast taught.

LXXII.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

WHEN summer's sweet flowers appear,
We wish that they always would last :
But winter must shortly be here,
To sweep them away with his blast.
Spring, summer, and autumn, will hasten away ;
The roses must fade, and the blossoms decay.

Like winter old age will be found ;
All stripped of our blossoms and fruit,

We still may remain in the ground,
 Though nothing be left but the root :
 And withered and bare we must ever remain,
 For spring will not cover our branches again.

Then let us, since time's on the wing,
 And death and eternity near,
 Endeavour, whilst yet in our spring,
 To prepare for the end of the year : [dismay,
 That we may not look back with remorse and
 To think how this season was wasted away.

And then, when the summer is gone,
 Our youth and maturity past,
 Old age will come pleasantly on,
 And bring us to glory at last ;
 Nor shall we reflect with a sigh or a tear
 On any gay season of happiness here.

In Heaven no winter they know,
 To wither their pleasures away ;
 The plants that in Paradise grow,
 Shall blossom, but never decay : [care,
 Then for these fading pleasures no longer we'll
 But hope we shall spend an eternity there.

LXXIII.

LOVE TO JESUS.

WHEN JESUS CHRIST was here below,
And spread His works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the LORD.

JESUS, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind—
Oh ! must I not have loved Him then ?

But where is JESUS ?—is He dead ?
Oh no ! He lives in Heaven above ;
“ And blest are they,” the SAVIOUR said,
“ Who, though they have not seen me, love.”

He sees us from His throne on high,
As well as when on earth He dwelt ;
And when to Him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then He felt,



"Who healed the sick, and cured the blind."

And if the LORD will grant me grace
Much I will love Him and adore ;
But when in Heaven I see His face,
'Twill be my joy to love Him more.

LXXIV.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power abound ;
All are protected by His hand,
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,
Alike His care must own ;
Though savage nations know Him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power He reigns,
An ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The cultured and the wild ;
The lofty monarch on the throne
And every little child.

While He regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's prayer,
And the poor Negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends His mercies down :
None are too mean to share His smile
Or to provoke His frown.

Great God ! and since Thy piercing eye
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
And turn that heart to Thee.

LXXV.

THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

WHY have we lips, if not to sing
The praises of our heavenly King ?
Why have we hearts, if not to love
Our Father and our Friend above ?

Why were our curious bodies made,
And every part in order laid ?
Why, but that each of us might stand
A living wonder from His hand ?

Why have we souls, if not to know
The GOD from whom our natures flow ?
Sure this can never be our lot,
Like senseless brutes, to know Him not.

Why have we life ? if not to gain
Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain ;
'This is the end for which 'twas given :
We live on earth, to live in Heaven.

Why did the SAVIOUR leave the sky,
Hang on a cross, and bleed, and die ?
And why are kind persuasions sent
To call and win us to repent ?

Oh this is why,—that, washed, and white
And all well-pleasing in His sight,
Our souls may join the happy throng,
And sing the everlasting song.

LXXVI.

“I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.”

FEARFULLY, O LORD, are we
Fashioned by Thy will ;
Ears to hear, and eyes to see,
Tell us of Thy skill ;

Every time my hand I lift,
Every time my lips I move,
Praise and wonder for the gift,
My thankfulness should prove.

Who would think that common clay
This curious flesh could frame !
Thou, O LORD, the word didst say,
And into life it came.
Thou didst breathe the living soul,
Sense and reason didst bestow ;
Yes, I owe to Thee, the whole,
Myself, to Thee I owe.

Gifts so glorious, shall I use
My Maker to offend ?
Health, and sense, and life abuse,
To grieve so great a Friend ?
Shall my tongue pronounce His name
Lightly, or His laws to break ?
LORD, such deeds of sin and shame
Forbid, for JESUS' sake.

Take me, for I would be Thine,
Thine, by love and choice ;

Let me as Thine image shine,
And bless Thee with my voice ;
Then, when falls this curious clay
Into dust, from whence it grew,
Bear my pardoned soul away,
To live to Thee anew.

LXXVII.

PRAISE FOR CREATION.

SPARED to another Spring,
We raise our grateful songs ;
'Tis pleasant, LORD, Thy praise to sing,
For praise to Thee belongs.

Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,
Sing forth Thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill ;
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wondrous skill.

But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a GOD unknown ;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please our SAVIOUR less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
Oh tune them all to sing Thy praise,
In better songs on high.

LXXVIII.

“THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR OUR SAKES HE
BECAME POOR.”

JESUS was once despised and low,
A stranger and distressed ;
Without a home to which to go,
Or pillow where to rest.

Now on a high majestic seat
He reigns above the sky ;
And angels worship at His feet,
Or at His bidding fly.

Once He was bound with prickly thorns,
And scoffed at in His pain :
Now a bright crown His head adorns,
And He is King again.

But what a condescending King !
Who, though He reigns so high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry.

He views them from His heavenly throne,
He watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for His own
The youngest child that prays.

LXXIX.

FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT.

LORD, I have dared to disobey
 My friends on earth, and Thee in Heaven;
 Oh help me now to come and pray
 For JESUS' sake to be forgiven.

I cannot say I did not know,
 For I've been taught Thy holy will;
 And while my conscience told me so
 And bade me stop, I did it still.

But Thou wast there to see my crime,
 And write it in Thy judgment-book;
 Oh make me fear another time,
 A sinful thought, or word, or look.

Forgive me, Lord; forgive, I pray,
 This naughty thing that I have done:
 And take my sinful heart away,
 And make me holy, like Thy Son.

LXXX.

INSTRUCTION FROM THE HEAVENS.

STARS, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I ?
Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so ?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
"Child of mortal race, attend ;
While we run our wondrous way,
Listen to the voice we send,
Teaching you that Name Divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

"Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die.
Suns and planets pass away :
Spirits never can decay.



"Stars, that on your wondrous way."

“When some thousand years, at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host
Shall forsake the firmament :
We shall from our glory fall ;
You must live beyond us all.

“Yes, and GOD, who bade us roll,
GOD, who placed us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant's soul
With a condescending eye :
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value, than a star !

“Oh then, while your breath is given
Let it rise in fervent prayer ;
And beseech the GOD of Heaven
To receive your spirit there,
Like a living star to blaze
Ever to your SAVIOUR's praise.”

LXXXI.

CHILDREN ENCOURAGED TO SEEK THE LORD.

SHALL I presume to venture near
A GOD so just and true?
Or, sinful as I am, appear
Before His piercing view?

How oft I grieve His holy eye,
And break His righteous law;
And think some thought of vanity
With every breath I draw!

Yet, LORD, a sinful child may turn
To wisdom's pleasant ways:
For JESUS' sake, Thou wilt not spurn
My feeble prayer and praise.

He died, that sinners such as I
May have their sins forgiven:
He died, that sinners, when they die,
May live with Him in Heaven.

It is for this I come to pray,
And on His grace depend,
That even at the judgment-day
The LORD may be my friend.

LXXXII.

UPON LIFE.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone !
We see it flourish for an hour,
With all its beauty on ;
But Death comes like a wintry day,
And sweeps the pretty flower away.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look, they die.
Life fails as soon : to-day, 'tis here ;
To night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Thousands of years have passed away
Since living men began,
And millions once alive and gay,
Have spent their little span ;
For life, in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short, uncertain space,
So foolishly we prize,
That Heaven, that lasting dwelling-place,
Seems nothing in our eyes !
The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
We disregard, compared with this !

LORD, what is life?—If spent with Thee
In duty, praise, and prayer,
However short or long it be,
We need but little care ;
Because Eternity will last,
When life, and death itself, are past.

LXXXIII.

UPON DEATH.

WHERE should I be, if GOD should say
I must not live another day,
And send to take away my breath?—
What is Eternity?—and Death?

My body is of little worth ;
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth ;
For we were made of clay, and must
Again at death return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,
I do not and I cannot know :
For none was e'er sent back to tell
The joys of Heaven, or pains of hell.

Yet Heaven must be a world of bliss,
Where GOD Himself for ever is ;
Where saints around His throne adore,
And never sin or suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go :
Though none that seek the SAVIOUR'S grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

Oh let me then at once apply
To Him who did for sinners die !
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell for ever with the LORD.

LXXXIV.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN
THE LORD."

THE dead ! how thickly do they lie
Beneath the ground we tread !
Millions on millions live and die,
And make the earth their bed :
Oh whither can we cast an eye,
But there are hid,—the dead !

How little matters now, their lot,
 Their beauty, fame, or gold !
 If great they were, they heed it not,
 Nor treasure can they hold :
 Their home is but a dreary spot,
 Forgotten, dark, and cold.

One thing, one only thing, to them
 Was worth a moment's pains,
 The prince forgets his diadem,
 The merchant-man his gains ;
 One pearl of price, one heavenly gem,
 Of all his wealth remains :

The pardon of his sinful heart,
 His soul, to JESUS led :
 Oh, if he chose this better part,
 Then, blessed is the dead,
 With joy, to judgment he shall start ;
 With joy lift up his head.

LXXXV

AGAINST SELFISHNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone :
Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure
Just as if it were our own ?

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best ;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the SAVIOUR'S last request.

His example we should borrow,
Who forsook His throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow.
Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,
If we will not pity lend,
CHRIST accounts Himself offended,
Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,
 Thus His goodness to reward ;
 Selfishness, indeed, is hateful
 In the followers of the LORD.

When a selfish thought would seize us,
 And our resolution break,
 Let us then remember JESUS,
 And resist it for His sake.

LXXXVI.

"IN THE MORNING IT FLOURISHETH AND
 GROWETH UP ; IN THE EVENING IT IS
 CUT DOWN AND WITHERETH."

THE lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield,
 Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see
 Decaying on the walk ;
 A storm came sweeping o'er the tree
 And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But Death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on Death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

To God, who loves them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever Death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

LXXXVII.

HUMILITY.

In a modest, humble mind,
God Himself will take delight ;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in His sight.

JESUS CHRIST was meek and mild,
 He no angry thoughts allowed ;
 Oh, then, shall a little child
 Dare to be perverse and proud !

This, indeed, should never be ;
 LORD, forbid it, we entreat ;
 Grant that all may learn of Thee,
 That humility is sweet !

Make it shine in every part ;
 Fill me with this heavenly grace ;
 For a little infant's heart
 Surely is its proper place.

LXXXVIII.

“SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE.”

WHY should our poor enjoyments here
 Be thought so pleasant and so dear,
 And tempt our hearts astray ?

Our brightest joys are fading fast,
The longest life will soon be past ;
And, if we go to Heaven at last,
We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,
Where all is holiness and love,
And endless pleasures flow,
Our threescore years and ten will seem
Just like a short and busy dream ;
And oh, how poor we then shall deem
Our best pursuits below !

Perhaps the happy saints in bliss
Look down from their bright world to this
Where once they used to dwell ;
And wonder why we trifle so,
And love these vanities below,
And live as if we did not know
There was a Heaven and hell.

LXXXIX.

FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

THIS year is just going away,
 The moments are finishing fast ;
 My heart, have you nothing to say,
 Concerning the time that is past ?
 Now, while in my chamber alone,
 Where GOD will be present to hear,
 I'll try to remember and own,
 The faults I've committed this year.

O LORD, I'm ashamed to confess
 How often I've broken Thy day !
 Perhaps I have thought of my dress
 Or wasted the moments in play !
 And when the good minister tried
 To make little children attend,
 I was thinking of something beside,
 Or wishing the sermon would end.

How often I rose from my bed,
 And did not remember my prayer,

Or if a few words I have said,
My thoughts have been going elsewhere!
Ill temper, and passion, and pride,
Have grieved my dear parents and Thee,
And seldom I've heartily tried
Obedient and gentle to be!

But, LORD, Thou already hast known
Much more of my folly than I :
There is not a fault I can own,
Too little for GOD to descry !
Yet hear me and help me to feel
How wicked and weak I must be ;
And let me not try to conceal
The least of my follies from Thee.

This year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast ;
Look down in Thy mercy, I pray,
And pardon the time that is past :
And as soon as another begins,
So help me to walk in Thy fear,
That I may not with follies and sins
Disfigure and waste a new year.



"Come, my love, and do not spurn."

XC.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
 From a little flower to learn.—
 See the lily on the bed,
 Hanging down its modest head ;
 While it scarcely can be seen,
 Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
 For its sweet and pleasant smell,
 And would rather call it ours,
 Than a many gayer flowers ;
 Pretty lilies seem to be
 Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
 From a little flower to learn.—
 Let your temper be as sweet
 As the lily at your feet :
 Be as gentle, be as mild ;
 Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
Like a summer flower it dies ;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past :
And the SAVIOUR from above
Views a humble child with love.

XCI.

"O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD, FOR HE IS
GOOD."

O THANK the LORD, for He is kind ;
Come, little one, thy praises bring ;
Wake up the love of thy young mind,
And with thine heart His goodness sing.
What hath He done, dear child, for thee ?
Look round thee, and within, and see.

He gave that happy health of thine,
Th' untiring strength of every limb ;
He bade thy days so brightly shine,
Thy nights of safety come from Him ;

And all the joy thy spirit feels,
Thy playfulness, thy merry peals.

Art thou an orphan, left forlorn,
With none to comfort or to guide ?
No,—from the moment thou wast born,
Dear parents have thy wants supplied :
He gave them, thy supports to be,
Gave all who love and cherish thee.

Oh thank the LORD, for He is kind ;
Forget not thou His watchful care,
But up to Heaven raise thy mind,
And love thine unseen Father there ;
Then, show thy love in love's best way—
First learn His will, and then obey.

XCII.

“ THEN THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL, AND SAMUEL
SAID, SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.”

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice !
O blessed, happy child, to find
The GOD of Heaven so near and kind !

If GOD would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be !
Oh how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If GOD ALMIGHTY were so near.

And does He never speak ?
Oh yes ; for, in His word,
He bids me come and seek
The GOD that Samuel heard :



"When little Samuel woke."

In almost every page I see,
 The GOD of Samuel calls to me
 And I beneath His care
 May safely rest my head ;
 I know that GOD is there
 To guard my humble bed.
 And every sin I well may fear,
 Since GOD ALMIGHTY *is* so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read His word,
 " Speak, LORD ; I would obey
 The voice that I have heard ;
 And when I in Thy house appear,
 Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

XCIII.

ABOUT DAVID.

GOOD David, whose Psalms have so often been
 sung,
 At first was not noble or grand,
 But only a shepherd boy, when he was young,
 Though afterwards king of the land.

He tended his flocks on the pastures by day,
And kept them in safety by night ;
And though a poor shepherd, he did not delay
To do what was holy and right.

For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,
It then was his greatest delight, we are told,
To think on the works of the LORD.

He gazed on the moon and the stars in the sky,
Which God had appointed to shine ;
And, "LORD, what is poor sinful man," he
would cry,
"Compared with these wonders of Thine !"

Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth,
His childhood in wisdom began ;
And therefore the LORD was the guide of his
youth,
And made him so mighty a man.

When ready for battle Goliath appeared,
Young David first offered to go :



"When ready for battle Goliath appeared."

He knew that his God, whom he trusted and
feared,

Would help him to conquer the foe:

In war and in fighting he had not been skilled,

Yet ventured to meet him alone !

And this mighty giant he presently killed,

With only a sling and a stone.

So he soon was made king, for the prophet fore-
told

That God meant to honour him thus :

And, if we will serve him like David of old,

The LORD will be mindful of us.

XCIV.

ABOUT KING SOLOMON.

KING SOLOMON of old,

A happy choice had made ;

'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold.

Nor honours that he prayed.

He chose that better part,
That leads to heavenly joys,—
A wise and understanding heart ;
And GOD approved the choice.

And though both wealth and ease,
And power and honour came,
We find he did not gain from these
His glory and his fame.

Far better than his crown,
And all his grand array,
That wisdom which the LORD sent down,
To guide him in his way.

For grandeur, wealth, and power,
Must all their glories yield,
To any little modest flower
That blossoms in the field.

King Solomon, bespread
With gems from distant seas,
Was not at last, as JESUS said,
Arrayed like one of these.

But wisdom from above
 Will teach us heavenly things,—
 How we may learn to fear, and love,
 And serve the King of kings.

If this is what we seek,
 We cannot ask amiss ;
 The youngest, poorest child may speak,
 And ask the LORD for this.

XCV.

ON REPEATING THE CATECHISM.

As Mary sat at JESUS' feet,
 To learn her Maker's will,
 We in the SAVIOUR's presence meet,
 And hear His doctrines still.

Still He beholds the wandering look,
 Each foolish thought discerns ;
 He knows who idles at His book,
 And who in earnest learns.

Oh for that meek, attentive mind
Which happy Mary showed !
May we the "one thing needful" find,
That was on her bestowed.

Here we are taught the sacred word
That JESUS first conveyed ;
And here the doctrines we have heard
Are plain and easy made.

'Tis here we learn the glorious name
Of GOD who reigns above ;
Here we are taught the sinner's shame,
And read the SAVIOUR's love.

Lord ! while we thank Thee for the grace
That sends this happy news,
We still would sit in Mary's place,
Her better part to choose.



"As Mary sat at Jesus' feet."

XCVI.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE GOD of Heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like His happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word,—
That child is pleasing to the LORD.

Great GOD ! forgive, whenever we
Forget Thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

XCVII.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

GOD ! what a great and awful word !

Oh, who can speak His worth ?

By saints in Heaven He is adored,

And feared by men on earth ;

And yet a little child may bend,

And say, " My Father, and My Friend."

The glorious sun, that blazes high,

The moon, more pale and dim,

And all the stars that fill the sky,

Are made and ruled by Him :

And yet a child may ask His care,

And call upon His name in prayer.

And this large world of ours below,

The waters and the land,

With all the trees and flowers that grow,

Were fashioned by His hand :

Yes, and He forms our infant race,

And bids us early seek His face.



"The saints in heaven before Him fall."

Ten thousand angels sing His praise
 On high, to harps of gold ;
 But holy angels dare not gaze,
 His brightness to behold :
 Yet a poor lowly infant may
 Lift up its voice to God, and pray.

The saints in Heaven before Him fall,
 And round His throne appear ;
 Adam, and Abraham, and all
 Who loved and served Him here ;
 And I, a child on earth, may raise
 My feeble songs in humble praise.

And all His faithful servants now,
 The wise, and good, and just,
 Before His sacred footstool bow,
 And own they are but dust.
 But what can I presume to say ?
 Yet He will hearken when I pray !

Oh yes ; when little children cry,
 He loves their simple prayer ;

His throne of grace is always nigh,
And I will venture there ;
I'll go depending on His word,
And seek His grace through CHRIST the LORD.

XCVIII.

THE CHILD OF AFFLUENCE.

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestowed upon me ;
But though I'm preserved from such want and
distress,
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel !
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,
Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,
How could I such hardship and suffering endure ?
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blessed,
May it be my delight to relieve the distress'd ;
For God has declared, and His promise is sure,
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

XCIX.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

LORD, I am poor ; yet hear my call ;
Afford me daily bread ;
Give me at least the crumbs that fall
From tables richly spread.

Thou canst for all my wants provide,
And bless my homely crust :
The ravens cry, and are supplied,
And ought not I to trust ?

Behold the lilies, how they grow,
Though they can nothing do !
And will not God, who clothes them so,
Afford me raiment too ?

But seeing, LORD, Thou dost withhold
The riches some possess,
Grant me what's better far than gold,
Thy grace and righteousness.

Oh may I heavenly treasures find,
And choose the better part :
Give me a humble, pious mind,
A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,
And grant the grace I need :
And then, though I am mean and poor,
I shall be rich indeed.

C.

“HE THAT IS SLOW TO ANGER IS BETTER THAN
THE MIGHTY ; AND HE THAT RULETH HIS
SPIRIT, THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY.”

A CAPTAIN forth to battle went,
With soldiers brave and trim ;
The captain by a king was sent,
To take a town for him :



"A captain forth o bat'le went."

The people lived in quiet there,
 And little thought of foes,
 But, on a sudden, everywhere,
 A cry of death arose !

Up to the walls the soldiers sprang,
 Against the gates they flew ;
 The place with shrieks of murder rang,
 As they were breaking through :
 Mothers and children, as they fled,
 In vain for pity cried ;
 Houses were burning overhead,
 And streets with blood were dyed.

But so the captain took the town,
 And gave it to the king ;
 And folks went saying, up and down,
 'Twas such a clever thing !
 I wonder, in the dying days
 Of those two bloody men,
 Whether they cared about the praise,
 Or liked to own it then !

A little child I chanced to meet,
Once, in a cottage bred,
Taught by his mother to repeat
What Solomon had said,
That he who ruleth well his heart,
And keeps his temper down,
Is greater,—acts a wiser part
Than he who takes a town.

Dear child, he felt his selfish will,
His pride and anger, rise,
But conscience whispered, "Peace ! be still,
Subdue them, and be wise ;"
" I will," replied the little one,
" O LORD, my helper be,
And let Thy holy will be done,
From day to day, in me."

From day to day, from year to year,
He kept the watchful strife,
Till passion seemed to disappear
From that young Christian's life :

In love he passed his pleasant days,
And dying, won—a crown !—
The crown of life !—Oh better praise
Than theirs who took the town !

CI.

PRAISE TO GOD.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwellest high,
Where mortals cannot gaze,
If Thou wilt listen, I will try
To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore Thee, and rejoice—
Such praise to Thee belongs ;
But wilt Thou hear my feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs ?

My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
And poor the thanks I pay ;
Oh how unworthy Thy regard,
Is all a child can say !

My feeble powers can never rise
To praise Thee as I ought ;
For Thou art great, and good, and wise,
Beyond my highest thought.

In Heaven Thy glories, LORD, resound,
And children join the song :
And oh may I at last be found
Among that happy throng !

There we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher ;
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

CII.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die :
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high ?

A sad and sinful world is this,
 Although it seems so fair ;
 But Heaven is perfect joy and bliss,
 For God Himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,
 Our brightest joys decay ;
 But pleasures there for ever last,
 And cannot fade away.

Here many a pain and bitter groan
 Our feeble bodies tear ;
 But pain and sickness are not known,
 And never shall be, there.

Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
 With many cares distressed ;
 But there the mourners weep no more,
 And there the weary rest.

Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
 At once must hence depart ;
 But there we hope to meet them all,
 And never, never part.

Then let us love and serve the LORD
With all our youthful powers :
And we shall gain this great reward—
This glory shall be ours.

CIII.

PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE.

CROWNS and praises, crowns and praises,
To the LORD OF HOSTS belong ;
Every soul that on us gazes,
Come and join the glorious song ;
We are few to count His mercies,
Mean, to raise His honours high ;
Come and join our humble verses,
Every soul that passes by.

If each people, tribe, and nation,
Here could glad hosanna sing ;
If the mighty, vast creation
Every tuneful voice could bring,—

Yet how poor would be the sounding
Of the songs they all could raise !
LORD, Thy mercies, more abounding,
Rise above our highest praise !

CIV.

HALLELUJAH.

WHEN will the day, the expected day,
The glorious day be shown,
When every voice shall rise and say,
" The LORD is GOD alone " ?

When shall the young of every land
The Hallelujah sing,
And far on every foreign strand
Confess Him as their King?

Let us begin the noble tune
On Britain's happy ground,
And distant nations join it soon,
In one eternal round.

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